



The blockhouse guarding the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. Picture taken by Lt. James Casebere of Fairhope, Alabama.

DIARY OF LT. JAMES J. LEARY

Co-Pilot on the Night Raider

2422 N. 50th, Omaha, Neb.

(Continued from last month)

This was the condition of the rear of our ship during our fight with the fighters (F. W. 190's, M. E. 110's, JU 88, and M. E. 210) which lasted about ¾ of an hour. As each attack was made on us, we would turn into the attack in a diving turn. Many a pass was made at us with the fighter firing a shot. Several times I heard a loud crash followed by a noise that sounded like the tinkling of glass. Each time I thought Nelson in the top turret had been hit, but each time his gun kept right on firing.

The flight deck was blue with smoke. One time I looked out the side window I saw two ME 210's almost flying formation with us. George and Ellis were pouring lead at the fighters coming in at every angle in the front.

Nelson was spinning around and around in his turret like a top. No. 2 engine was badly hit and the super charger ran away and so did the prop. Far ahead we saw some clouds about 5000 ft. high. Those little clouds looked like little bits of heaven hanging in the blue. Seemed ages till we reached them. The guns in the rear were no longer shooting as we reached the clouds.

The top turret and the nose guns were the only ones still firing. As we entered the clouds 3 F. W. 190's followed us in. We lost them. We started icing up and lost a lot of altitude. In the clouds we changed our course and when we came out we were about 1500 ft. above the water.

Apparently we had fooled our pursuers for we never saw them again. We now feathered No. 2 engine and started taking count of noses. Ellis and George came up from the nose. Ellis had a cut in his scalp, but was O.K. George wasn't scratched. Neither was Nelson. Sent George back to see how things were in the back of the ship. He came back and said Jungbluth and Szabo were hit pretty bad, and that Kilmer now revived, was giving first and crying like a baby and doing a good job of it.

Then Bud went back and took a look and came back

and said that Jungbluth was just about done for. Ellis couldn't get a fix on the G box, so asked if I would try to get some more altitude. I got to 5400 ft. easy on the 3 engines. Had Nelson check the gas and only had about 150 gallons.

All our radio equipment was shot out as well as our radio operator. At 4500 ft. Nelson was able to get a fix and we altered our course about 30 deg. to the right.

About 12:55 we sighted land. As we passed over the English Coast, we could see the barrage balloons at Norwich. We knew we were almost home. Then the engines coughed a couple of times. We looked for a landing field. Ellis saw one to the right. We circled the field with our engines coughing for more gas. We made a 360 degree turn to the right around the field. The engines had stopped running. The props continued to turn windmilling.

Bud picked out a runaway. We had no hydraulic system at all. Nelson couldn't crank down the wheel, so Bud brought it in on its belly, old Night Raider flew as it never flew before.

We came with no power at 140 miles per hour, and losing only about 250 ft. per minute.

As the ship settled into the runway it started with a gnawing noise, we were slowing down.

The end of the runway looked near. The bottom of the ship was being eaten away. We crossed a taxi perimeter and came to a halt with a little jerk on a small strip of grass.

I had the switches cut and Bud was out the top hatch, running for help, for an ambulance. I went out the top hatch down the wing and helped those that could be moved out of the ship. Ellis and I managed to lift Szabo out of the ship through the waist window.

It was an RAF field, and they were really amazed to see our ship crash land there. I got inside and talked to Jungbluth until the ambulance came. Jung said, "that was a nice landing, never even jolted me". He also said, "I bet I beat you home." I said that I would not take that bet. He wasn't bleeding much, but his flying suit was literally shot off him. When the ambulance came, we finally got him on a stretcher and lifted him off the plane. We sent Jungbluth, Szabo, Dawley and Bates to the hospital.

Dawley was badly burned on the right leg by the electrical suit. Bates had his fingers on both hands frozen. They were taken to the Norwich hospital. Our Night Raider was a total loss, even before we crash landed.

The remaining six of us were taken to the RAF mess where they gave us a nice dinner and kept shoving double Satoeka at us as soon as we emptied our glasses.

We finally got back to our field about supper time, and found that the rest of the 93rd had returned from Africa. We were all a little dazed I guess.

The next day Bud and I went to a meeting at the War Room at second wing and met General Hodges.

It was a discussion of the raid. We flew a cup up there and checked Bud out in it.

Damage done to Night Raider by enemy fighters:

Hydraulic lines and Powerwire in tail turret —	shotout.
Rear Fuselage 47-30 x cal. —	5 20 mm cannon
Left Fin 16—	4 " "
Rt. Fin 7 "	1 " "
Stabalizer 5 "	1 " "
Rt. wing 9 30 cal.	4 20 mm cannon
Rt. Aileron 3 " "	0
Rt. Flap 15 "	hole due to 20 mm cannon
Top Fuselage — center section —	12 30 cal.
Lt. Wing	36 " "
Bomb Bay Doors	27 " "
Oxygen Regulator in L. W. —	out

Most of Wiring shot away

Both tires flat

No. 2 Prop. 5—30 cal. holes

No. 2 Engine 1 20 mm cannon hole

No. 3 Engine 1 " " " "

No. 1 Engine — Control Cables and fuel line hit

No. 2 Engine — Mags and oil cooler hit

No. 3 Engine — Carb. had 1" hole below butterfly

No. 4 Engine — Primer lines intake shot out.

So ended our good ship Night Raider.

We never could count the holes in the bottom or in the bomb bay.

(Note: On June 26, 1943, Liberty featured the February 26th raid with pictures of the crew on that date.)

(To be continued)

WHAT ABOUT OUR OWN BACKYARD?

An article written and published by me in 1937 in CONCORD is reprinted below. Tho it is claimed that we eliminated the Fascist and Nazi type of evil in the backyards of others, time stood still in our own backyard. The Duck Hill of 1937 is replaced with Monroe, Ga. in 1946 but in a wholesale scale. The rest remains unchanged. — VFB.

Who are we to cast the Stone?

It seems hypocritical to howl and "raise Cain" against Nazi discrimination and intolerance when equally vicious crimes of intolerance are perpetrated within our own country, the so called "land of the free".

It is highly probable that we are not accustomed to think in the same manner as do our fellow citizens, the Southern Whites. Yet mob violence is not justifiable at any point of the compass, especially with such conceivable savagery as that which accompanied the last two lynchings at Duck Hill, Miss., on April 13. These are but two added black spots on our country that can never be white-washed with the popular hallucination that such things just do not happen here, unless we do away with lynching we will have so much further to go to gain for ourselves consideration as a nation truly practicing the tenets of brotherhood and tolerance on which the fathers sought to build this free nation. Here is where the Fascists abroad have one on us—they point their bloody fingers and leer: "Who are you to cast the first stone?"

Meanwhile, the way the Senators wrangle to hamper passage of the anti-lynch bill leads one to believe that lynching is something so marvelously great a heritage that the anti-lynching bill is an actual disgrace. And though the presently proposed anti-lynch bill shall become law, it stands already in danger of being ineffective as it was demonstrated in the last lynching.

When the beastly murder was committed at Duck Hill, Miss., the sheriff took pride in reporting that "the whole thing was done very quietly" and although the mob of hoodlums consisted of over a hundred, sheriff Wright and other officer could not see them because the mob was "behind them". They did see that the murderers "unmasked" but were unable to recognize any of them. Since the murderers can not be recognized, then the murderers are unindictable, yet, according to witnesses, all of these were neighborhood farmers.

At the same time, such a great personality as representative E. E. Cox (Dem. Ga.) moans: "It is an attempt to break the spirit of the white South... It will not break, and we will maintain our social purity. The South does not mean to be mongrelized as the result of Federal domination." That means, lynch murders will continue because the spirit and pride of the white South demands it. Others of the chivalrous South threaten a revival of the Ku Klux Klan.

The ostracization of the negro in the South and the deplorable persecution of his race is even today in no wise different from legally instituted crimes of the Nazis. Discriminative acts and lynching are crimes against civilization. Unjustifiable whenever they are done, whether under a free democracy or under an oppressive Fascist rule. — Vytautas F. Beliajus

"OVER MY HEAD, THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE AIR"

Constance C. Fisher

In spite of the fact that there is no bombing of towns and cities now, and no immediate threat of the dropping of an atomic bomb on any community very soon, there is still "trouble in the air". The planes still rush by above and under the clouds and we think each time, with horror, what the results could be if war were not formally over, and we say a short prayer of thanks for the respite that is. But we must know and cannot forget that there is pregnant unrest about us, that each day somewhere in the world (our own country included) hundreds thousands — are still being crucified and offered up to the god of greed, selfishness, and aggression. We have seen little countries overrun or wiped out because others decided that they happened to want these for themselves. To review these acts of aggression in detail would be almost trite now, and would require too much space also. They are of the same stuff as that which makes the "bully" of the playground go up to either the new boy or girl, or the one who happens to have on new shoes, clothes, or a nice lunch, or some small thing the bully decides he wants, and step on his feet, jerk his lunch or other belongings, tear or cut his clothes, or spit on his fruit and take it, saying, "I want this and am going to take it; you'd better not object either, else I'll knock your block off!" The inner knowledge that his behavior is unacceptable, that he is inadequate in more respects than he is willing to admit either to himself or others, makes him feel most insecure, and he sets out to compensate for this feeling by "picking on" someone smaller or less aggressive than himself. We see children, grown-ups, and nations do the identical thing.

And daily we now hear of the difficulties in the UNO and among the Big Four, and of the acts of aggression going on in some occupied or war-torn countries. In the minds of many are thoughts and fears of "the next world war". There are frictions in government and there are majority-minority strains and stresses of every sort. Ringing in our ears constantly is the song of failure of our own government to pass anti-lynching, poll tax, or FEPC bills, leaving the little man to feel that it probably has not made up its mind that such are vital to the mental, physical, emotional and spiritual health of its people! Bilbo still flaunts his anti-beliefs and feelings of everything decent and hurls the venom of race prejudice in every direction at all times. The KKK still burns its crosses and boldly backs up its aims. In the realm of housing, employment, education, religion, as well as others, the color of a man's skin or the kind of faith he professes far too often determine what happens to him and his. Not only is this so between groups but also within the same. Thousands of prejudices and animosities take on as many forms of expression.

In one church, for instance, a very outstanding Nisei couple who had been accepted into membership were later asked to withdraw it and apply at another church of the same denomination because the "quota" at the first church had been exceeded and that of the second church had not been reached! In another community where, as far as has been possible, a ghetto has been set up for Negroes, there are certain spots where whites own pro-